SOME NEW BOOKS. Journals and Journalism

Under the above title an exceedingly attractive brochure has been compiled by John Oldcastle (whose name we take to be a pacudenym), and published in London by Field & Tuer, at the Leadenhall Press, This little work challenges attention, not only by the quaint elegance of its typographical and sumptuary dress, but by the neatness of its literary form, and the positive value of its matter. The author has addressed himself to literary amatours, and he has undertaken to supply them with the precise kind of information about which they are most curious, and which is likely to prove most serviceable. To this end he examines, from an expert's point of view, the fair side and the seamy side of journalism, considered as a career, and discusses such pertinent and interesting topics as the method of acquiring a footbold on the press, the use of introductions to editors, the inference to be drawn from the rejection of articles, and, generally, the relation of editors to contributors. Under the head of " The Ten Commandments" are set forth a number of useful suggestions and injunctions which the beginner in the journalistic calling may do well to heed, and the author has appended what he calls the "Amateur's Directory," this including a list of journals and magnines, with some account of their history and ladication of their scope, together with the address of their offices. It will be acknowledged that the bill of fare here offered is sufficiently inviting, and the reader will probably be gind to get some foretasts of the good things thus laid before him. He will bear in mind, however, as he scans some of the more important facts and conclusions brought forward by John Oldcastle, that the writer is treating of English journalism, and that his statements are not applicable, without grave qualifications. to the newspaper press of France, nor, without

certain caveaus, to that of the United States. The value of these hints and comments springs from the writer's scrupulous intent to keep unswervingly the via media of fact between the bitter pessimism of disappointed authors on the one hand and the oversanguing tone of encouragement in which Mr. Anthony Troilope and Mr. James Payn have recently indulged. We cannot accept, for instance, the former's statement that " if a man can command a table, a chair, pen, ink, and paper, he can commence his trade as a literary man," It is not the trade, but an apprenticeship to the trade, which is thus begun, and no apprentices can expect to earn journeyman's wages until they have mastered the technical requirements of their calling. Trollope's own experience is a proof of this, for he acknowledges that he gained only \$81.40 in one of the first years of his labors, and less than \$101 in another. Moreover, these years of noviceship and preparation were only possible to Mr. Trollops from the fact that he held at the time a position in the Post Office, which furnished his means of support and enabled him to follow literature as an amateur. The same thing is true of Mr. Edmund Yates, who was also, while exercising his 'prentice hand at letters, an employee in the Post Office, and of Mr. Wilkie Collins, who had his father's help in the tea trade first, and afterward in the law, while his literary talents were under trial. When, therefore, Mr. Payn says that "hundreds of clever young men, who are now living at home and doing nothing, might be earning very tolerable incomes by their pens," it is clear that journalism under these conditions (where food and lodging are provided from other sources) cannot be called in any proper sense a trade or profession to which men look for their whole livelihood, but is a mere by-work or part career, in fact, an apprenticeship in the true meaning of the term. It would seem, in short, that technical training, with the sacrifice of time and money which it necessarily implies, can no more be dispensed with in journalism than in any other vocation; that no special success, at any rate, is possible without it, and that even the humbler branches of the calling can ill afford to forego it. This is not to say that training is indispensable before making a first attempt, but every rejection which a young man undergoes is itself a part of his training, and a part which he finds very hard to bear if he is entirely dependent on his pen. Anthony Trollope's real return for the ilterary toll of his first years was the experience he gained in it, and with only that in almost any other profession he would have had to be satisfied; but as it was he made a few

Having thus compelled the aspirant for reguwhich perpetually recurring blunders may be avoided and the term of apprenticeship somewhat shortened. He adverts to the mistaken impression, prevalent among beginners, that to be introduced, personally or by letter, to an ed-

itor, is one of the essentials of a literary debut. A good word," they think, " from a trustworthy source, would induce the editors to read my things; as it is, I am certain they do not read them." The fact is, however, that when a MS is not read, the reason, in eight cases out of ten, is that the editorial eye, no less practised in gauging at a glance the quality of literary workmanship than is the eye of an art collector in determining the value of a picture, has summarily given an adverse decision. In short, the only introduction which really avails anything is good and marketable work. Nor should it be forgotten that the tact which produces marketable work is sometimes more useful than the talent which produces good work. A composition of real power and originality may in fact, and not morely the terms of aditorial courtesy, be unsalable, because it is unjournalistic in manner or inopportune in point of time. Marketable ags, on the other hand, are too well worth having to be carelessly foregone. "Returned with thanks" is not likely, therefore, to be written without a reason. Furthermore, a rejected beginner, instead of indulging a frame of mind most tutar to his channes of auccess, viz., a conviction of personal injury, should learn to believe what is the truth, namely, that most editors are kind, through a tellow feeling and a remembrance of their own apprenticeship, as well as just, through a fair consideration of

There are certain little slips which a novice is almost sure to commit, but which John Oldeastle recommends him to avoid if he would hasten the period when his performances shall be acrepted. A literary aspirant in forwarding his tentative contributions should never apologeticulty explain that he is an amateur, for by so doing he can hard y fail to prejudice editors. against his MSS. He should beware also of certain dilettante habits which very probably seem to him engag ng refinements, such as the use of fine note paper bearing a crest or mone gram in the corner, but implying an expenditure impossible to the man who writes well enough to write for his bread. No less fatuily amateurish is the practice, not uncommon with beginners, of addressing a note to an editor disclaiming any wish for remuneration. and intimating that the honor of appearing in entile columns is all the reward that is asked. To an established journal the triffing sum due for any ordinary article is a matter o no consequence whatever, and the attempt to bribe an editor by the offer of unpaid labor will often and legitimately to resented. Still more futile is the astom of appealing to the editor in ferma panperis for a pince upon his staff or the an optage of contributions, seeing that the must pitual shoaten and admirable character are unfortunately not inconsistent with the feeblest library powers. There is, in a word, that one equipable and autilitient test of expuelly lam, us in all other arts, trades, and professions, and that is the test of competition or the open market. By every argument and constration at his command the author of this volume warns all teginners against attempts to bring personal influence up the enterfal" back stairs instead of taking their chance fairly and fractity with the great army of unknown has and of stwelling with compla-

et them remember that Dickens's first effusion. hough " dropped steathily with fear and trembling into a dark letter box in a dark office, up

court in Fleet street," nevertheless appeared soon afterward "in all the glory of print." After showing that persistence and humility are the keys to success in journalism (a reasonable measure of ability and acquirement being taken for granted). John Oldcostle tries to answer the main question, viz. How much of promise does this branch of literature offer as a career when the apprenticeship is over and a fair success has been attained? He points out, in the first place, that journalism is intensely interesting, seeing that it has the superlative attraction of a variety of thoughts and feelings; that it brings a man into close communion with all the moving principles and large ideas of his day. In this respect the journalist's vocation compares temptingly with commercial pursuits, and even with the liberal professions, which in their turn confine the energies of their practitioners more or less to a specialty. The artist, for example, is not called upon to know much about letters, the politician may be ignorant of painting, the scientist is privileged to regard politics with indifference, and the musician is apt to dispense himself from interest in anything that is not musical. The journalist, on the other hand, is not only encouraged but obliged to be various, being irresistibly impelled by the conditions of his calling to multiply his resources, sympathics, and pleasures through knowing something of everyhing. Nor are there wanting lofty and humanitarian inducements to enter the profession of letters, whose members are the mainstay of the reformer and philshthropist, while the ardent politician, if intrusted with the direction of an tweive hours a day, and I never had a week's mportant newspaper, wields a power well nigh as great as that of governments and legislatures. Moreover, in all that he writes the jour such as his voice, were he an orator, could never cover—to the number, it may be, of half a tinctive moral and aesthetic rewards, of

nalist has the inspiration not only of his cause. but of knowing that he addresses an audience million. Such are the specific joys, the disjournalism. Like other forms of literature, however, journalism pure and simple has its extraneous honors and compensations. The author of this book reminds us that in the present British Parliament the profession is more numerously and strongly represented than it ever was before. He does not here so much advert to the seats occupied by the owners or part proprietors of newspapers. such as Sir Charles Dilke of the Athena Mr. Ashton Dilke of the Weekly Dispatch, Mr. Joseph Cowen of the Newcastle Chronicle, Mr. Walter of the Times Mr. Beresford, Hone of the London News, Mr. Macliver of the Western Daily Press, Mr. William Agnew, one of the proprietors of Punch, and Mr. Labouchero. part owner of the Daily News. Besides these there are other names which represent men who do distinctly owe to their connection with the journalistic world, and to it alone, their position in life and in the lec'slature. Such are the ex-editor of the Echo, Mr. Arthur Arnold (brother of Edwin Arnold of the Daily Telegraph); Mr. Courtenay, of the Times; Mr. Justin McCarthy, leader writer on the Daily News; Mr. E. D. Gray, of the Freeman's Journal: Mr. A. M. Sullivan, late editor of the Nation; his brother, T. D. Sullivan, now the editor of that paper, and Mr. Sexton, the latter's associate editor; Mr. T. P. O'Connor, F. H. O'Donnell, and Lysaght Finnegan, all hard-working journalists. At the same general election, in April last, Mr. Alfred Austin, who earns his velihood by leader writing and book reviewing for the Standard, tried for his seat and failed; so did Mr. S. G. Bowles of Vanity Fair, and Mr. John Moriey, editor of the Pall Mall and Fort-nightly Gazette. We may add that it was the high position he had attained in journalism which caused Hepworth Dixon to be invited to contest Marylebone in 1868. Thus we see that journalism in England, like other professions, may be a stepping stone to what some might pronounce higher things, if not to more lucrative things; and this leads us to inquire what pecuniary returns are held up to those who re-main faithful to their calling. This interesting subject is discussed in a chapter of this volume, entitled "Pounds, Shillings, and Pence," but it cannot be said that the author arrives at any very definite deductions, his own inquiries having been met by many contradictions. The results of his investigations may be summed up by saying of the incomes made by the writers of English newspapers and magazines that they seem reasonably good according to the balance of supply lar journalistic work to look the hard condi- and demand, but that they are seldom brilliant flons of his novitiate squarely in the face, the There is bread to be had in requital of indusauthor proceeds to offer some suggestions, by try and of the indispensable capacity for all who make a serious profession of letters, but there are few, very few, fortunes to be won. And here we may remark, in passing, that the relatively meagre earnings of professional journalists are no doubt largely owing to the fact that a great many people make literature a part career, thus damaging it for those who have no other means of support. Our author thinks that the journalist, with far more justice than the tradesman, might ery out against the occupants of Government sinecures, whose contributions pour into the

> ing which reminds our author of the case of a man who, having murdered his father and mother, appealed to the court for mercy because he was an orphan. Let us glance now at certain of the facts and flaures bearing on the actual earnings of Engsh journalists. Here the distinction must be harply drawn between the writers for reviews, magazines, and literary weeklies and the west ers for daily newspapers. It would seem that in London the former class of workers can carcely, by the most exceptional and untiring industry, obtain a decent living. The one pound sterling which the Nineteenth Century and the Contemporary, the Edinburgh, and the Quarterly pay for a printed page is quite the ighest rate of remuneration for the periodical essarist and reviewer. The shilling monthlies give on an average rather less than half that sum, while in a certain high-class weekly equery, the Saturday Review?) a long book notice, which has perhaps involved the patient study of two bulky volumes, and which, when done conscientiously, has consumed several days, has only ten deliars as its scuniary equivalent. Another literary weekly, where again the work entails the two old task of reading and writing, pays \$2.50 a column. and other papers of less eminence in proper-tion. Moreover, work of this kind is difficult get, and is doled out in minute and infre quent portions, starcely one writer on any of the weekly literary papers having an article inserted every week throughout the year. Turning to the magazines, our author unless that I a single writer contrived to make a monthly prearance in one or other of them (and this ould imply great industry and a high reputaon) the result would certainly be less than \$750 per annum. It is, we are assured, no secret that even Mr. Malloch, who not only writes ell, but has caught the publicear-whose work is welcomed by the Nineteenth Century, the Conorary, and the Edinburgh-has hitherto unde an income by his pen quite insufficient to flow him to regard literature me his engeer. 1 s clear, then, so far as English reviews, magaince, and weeklies are concerned, that Scott's

editorial letter boxes of London, and that he

trade-unionism among authors when he hears

of men of large private or public incomes writ-

ing at a price which entails semi-starvation if

entirely depended on for the means of lively

ood. Yet, curiously enough, it is exactly these

semi-professionals who are heard denouncing.

pittance to be earned on the press-a proceed-

in the most unmeasured terms the miserable

might not unnaturally clamor for a little more

There is no doubt that journalism, in the narow sense which comprehends only the writers | afterward an Irish Viscount," the first of these for daily newspapers, can give give a softiewhat better account of itself. Every daily journal in London furnishes employment to a large and well rewarded staff, besides a multitude of journalistic irregulars. In addition to the editors,

saying is still true enough, that literature,

while a tolerable stick, is decidedly nusafe as a

are the regularly retained leader writers, the salaries of the latter employees in the case of the Times running into four figures, exceeding, that is to say, \$5,000 per aunum. Nor are the other more prominent London dailies, such as the Telegraph, Pall Mall Gazette, Standard, and Daily News, far behind the leading organ in the remuneration of their staff. In connection with this topic the author potes that whereas Charles Lamb wrote paragraphs for sixpence apiece in the Morning Post, the para-graphists of to-day's Pail Mail get about sixpence for a single line. It is not to be overlooked, however, that permanent relations with any of the journals named are among the coveted prizes of London journalism. The average earnings to be hoped for may be more accurately calculated from a memorandum quoted in this volume, and which gives the actual experience of a fairly successful and industrious member of the profession. "I had," he says, 'during a twelvemonth, about two hundred paragraphs in the World, a still greater number and ten articles besides in another society paper, thirty paragraphs in Truth five articles in the Queen, three articles in the Speciator, a poem in Good Words, a poem in the Quiver, thirty-five articles in different monthly magazines, fifty-two columns of London correspondence in a provincial paper (at \$3.12 a column), twenty-six London letters in a colonial paper (at \$2.50 a letter), and a few odds and ends besides." These were his cepted contributions, but they represent, he tells us, little more than half of what he actually wrote, the remainder having missed fire. The total proceeds of his year's work fell short tweive hours a day, and I never had a week's holiday. But, as you see, if I had not possessed a trifle of my own, I could not have kept a decent roof over my family's head. Nevertheless. I have often been told by other struggling men that I am exceptionally tucky." Such was the suggestive experience of a writer who had the advantage of practice in both literature and journalism, though it should be kept in mind that he had no work on a daily, nor any specialty, such as dramatic or art criticism. Before we take leave of this agreeable and use-

ful volume, we would draw attention to certain of the author's remarks upon the question of signed articles versus anonymous journalism -a question, we need not say, to which opposite answers are returned in France and in Great Britain. John Oldeastle is an advocate of the system of anonymity, yet he acknowledges that laborious and scantily paid as is the writer's profession, it is also inglorious for all but the very few, unless, indeed, we accept that impersonal glory, the consciousness of good Saturday Review, Mr. Ingram of the Illustrated | work done and effective power wielded from behind the scenes, as an adequate satisfaction of man's natural ambition. He can see that many a journal-ist spends himself, the fibre of his intellect, and the flower of his days in speaking to a public which is, and always will be, utterly ignorant of his individuality, nor is his mask merely that of a writer who hides his person under one nom de plume, but whose work is appreciated as at least least the work of one particular man. It is the leader writer's fate to bury himself under a far profounder incognito than this: nay, he breaks up his personality into a thousand separate fragments, not one of which bears the stamp of his own name. The man is scattered and lost, the character of his work is dissipated by dissemination, and nothing remains but the influence of that work, falling as it may when sown broadcast over the earth. It is pointed out, however, that by an apt compensation the very impersonality adds so vastly to this influence that perhaps the majority of thoughtful journalists would be reluctant to renounce their incognito. It is true enough, as the author insists, that a newspaper on the Continent, with its acknowledged articles, has never had, and never can have, the weight in public opinion which an English newspaper possesses. To this, however, it may be answered that what a French journal loses in its corporate capacity is, in some measure, gained the writer's personality, for it is indisputable that no English journalists have yet attained to such conspicuous positions as have some of their French confrères. No one. indeed, would gainsay that the unrivalled weight and incomparable momentum of the English press is due fully as much to its anonymity as to its freedom. But may it not be likened, in this its most impressive aspect. some huge car of Juggernaut, amid the trumpetings and boomings of whose triumphal progress the sighs and grouns of countless victims are unheard?

The Life of a Professional Dandy.

the circumstances of his lot, relieved some of his spleen by defining woman as an animal that delights in finery; and this saying, paturally southing to disappointed laymen, as well as those of the father's own order, continued an authority down even to the time of the amiable Spectator, who was not ashamed to quote it. We had, nevertheless, long ago serious doubts regarding the venerable dictum. We have had a pretty clear conviction that in all that apportune finery in dress, the sex to which the Father nimself belonged has not only always kept pace with but frequently outstripped the other; and that while our poets, moralists, and clergy have been satirizing and denouncing the extravagancies and absurdities of female ap-parel, we have been flaunting and strutting iway, under cover of our own fire, far more extravagant and absurd than they. In England, from which we come, and to some extent in our own country, we cannot point to one single excess or caprico which has appeared on he beautiful person of woman, that has not had its counterpart, as bad or worse, upon the ugly body of mun. We have had the same efeminate stuffs, the same fine laces, the same rich furs, the same costar jewers. We have had as much gold and embroidery, and more tinse id trumpery. We have worn long hair and large sleeves, and tight waists and full pettiats. We have sported stays and stomachers, muffs, earriugs, and lovelocks, rouged, and patched and padded and laced. Where they have included a little excess in one part, we have broken out ten times worse in another. If they have had headdresses like tise moon's crescent, we have had shoes like a ram a bocu. If they have fined their petticeata with whalebone we have stuffed our trunk hose with brass. If they have wreathed lace ruffs round their lovely throats we have buttoned them about our clumay legs. If they carried a little mirror on their fans we have conceased one slyly in our pockets. In the present day, however, it would be difficult to impure us for any over indulgence of this propensity, the male costume being reduced to a mysterious combination of the inconvenient and uppleurosque, not in summer, cold in winter, useless either for keeping off rain or sun, stiff but not plain, bere without being aple, not durable, not becoming, and not moup. Not a single article is found in the t man's tollet with which he can make what is called an impression; a conquest is out of the question. Each taken separately is as absurd as the emptiest fop could have devised and as ugly as the stanchest Paritan could have desired. His hat is a machine to which an impartial stranger might impute a variety of useful culinary purposes, such as boiling potatoes or peas, but would never dream of putting on his head. His coat is a contrivance which covers only half his person and does not fit that while his waistcoat, if a straight one, would be an excellent restraint for one who can contentedly wear the rest of the costume.

Occasionally great men have risen-benefacors to an unurateful age-to alter, embellish and invent. But they have come at long intervals, and not in that stendy succession neces mary to make the passage from the teste of on period to another general and pictures que. We ive had in turn "Beau Sir George Hewitt, worthies, the original of Sir Yopling Flutter in The Man of the Mode;" Beau Wilson, who inmed for a long time with the beautiful hoss of Cleveland, and was killed in a duol by Mississippi Law; Beau Fielding, the hand-

of by Swift, and who married the daughter of Lord Carlingford, an Irish peer; Beau Edgeworth, whom Steele styled, in the Tattler, "a very handsome and well-shaped youth that frequents the coffee houses about Charing Cross, and ties a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels, to his breast," who died a lunatic in Dublin in the same hospital as Swift; Beau Nash, who was styled "the King of Bath," and who reigned at that then most fashionable watering place for half a century, and was buried with the pomp and cir-cumstance attaching to a royal fune-ral; Beau de Kaunitz, who wore satin stays, and passed a portion of every morning walking up and down a room in which four valets puffed a cloud of scented powder, each of a different color, in order that it might fall and amalgamate in the exact manner that best suited their master's taste; and, last and greatest of them all, Beau Brummell, whose Life by Capt. JESSE, in two volumes, has just been republished in the Railway Library. It has been the fashion to sneer at Brummell after his reverses, but he at least did what no other man could ever do. Without birth, rank, fortune, or forerunning reputation of any kind, he established himself as the autocrat of fashion among the proudest and most exclusive aristocracy in Europe. Other instances may be adduced of men with as little of high or solid merit filling a similar conspicuous position in the eyes of the great, but not from their own intrinsic qualities. Antinous and other celebrities of ancient times were supported by the imperial power, to whose vices they administered. The same may be said of Carr and the two Villierses, who moreover attained rank, wealth, and political influence. Beau Brummeli had no pretensions to court favor, and for the longer part of his carrer he had for an enemy the most malignant "fine gentleman" that ever breathed; yet neither the power of heir apparent, Prince Regent, or leader of the ton sufficed to shake him. He only succumbed to that pressure which changes dynasties, overwhelms States, would have destroyed Washington had he not managed to create a republic, and would have destroyed Casar had he not managed to de-stroy one—the pressure of a vacuum in the Exchequer, the most irresistible of pressures, ex-

cepting that called atmospheric. There is more in a man who could accomplish this than impudence and the tie of a cravat, or we should have a Brummell every day in the week. That he had a power of tace which surpassed Cibber or Fouché is clear: that he dressed well, and "with exquisite propriety," is recorded by Byron; and stories of the starched neckcloth are told in various forms though, we suspect, none of them accurately. He had also great elegance of manner, with several accomplishments. He was an amateur artist, had some knowledge of music, with an agreeable voice, could write vers de société, and, it would appear, pilter those of other writers, and tell a story capitally. He had moreover a keen eye for a weak point, and great tact in the mode of probing it, so as to escape personal consequences, no matter how offensive he might be. In the exercise of this faculty he was like Theodore Hook, restrained by no sense of feeling, of gratitude, or of propriety, so that the slaves of fashion were slaves to him. This would go far to account for his retention of power, but not for its acquisition. The art of Beau Brummel's rise would seem to be an unknown art. As in most great geniuses, however, his peculiar faculty developed itself early. Atsixteen he was a cornet in the Tenth Hussars," the Prince's Own," and if the dates of Mr. Jesso's book are correct, he was at six-andtwenty sufficiently established on the throne of the world of fashion to defy the art and malice

of the Prince. Such a character and career were as well worth tracing as those of players, playwrights, demireps, and dullards with which we have been so often inundated. Two volumes in which the work appeared may look too much for a beau; but if Horace thought it worth while to make the characteristics of Tigellius a leading theme for two satires, two volumes is not too much for a greater than Tigellius. The life of Brummell will, we youch, be most amusing to the reader, and could not have fallen into better hands. A clearer arrangement, a more reg ular narrative, a closer style, might be attained, but we do not expect from a collector any very searching estimate of the authenticity of the gossip he receives. But few would have had the patience and perseverance in gathering materials which Capt. Jesse has shown; he seems like a soldier going out to gain intelligence. Brummell was born in 1778, and educated at Eton, so thither went the Captain. The old lady who supplied the Etonians with apples and cakes was then living in the almshouse, but the old soul's mind and memory were gone It must, therefore, remain unknown whether the child was father to the man in the matter of liking good things and getting them on credit. Our author, however, hunted out a correspondent to whom Brummell was fag, and who spoke highly of his general character and conduct, but seemed to consider that his first excellence was in toasting cheese. It also appears that in his school days he was remarkable for the neatness and style of his dress, so as to have acquired the sobriquet of "Buck Brummell," afterward softened into "Beau." It would seem that the future hero of the world of fashion never suffered corporal degradation. Dining once at a strange party, an elderly Nimrod happened to mention that he was at Eton toward the close of the last century. Capt. Jesse, on the watch, immediately queries: "Do you recollect Brum mell there?" "I knew him well, sir," replied the old 'squire. " He was never flogged; and a man, sir, is not worth a damn who was never flogged through the school." But Capt. Jesse, in chedience to the rule of the philosophical poet, not only adds the morn but the evening to

the day of his hero: Alas, not duzzled by their noentide ray Compute the morn and evening to the day, His landford and laundress at Calais were put to the question. He hunted up the valet of his meridian spiendor and first decline in a café at Boulogne. From him he probably learned the modus operandi of putting on the neckcloth The same authority should have taught Capt. Jesse to doubt the backneved story of "Our Failures," which he elsewhere relates. The cravats were folded by the laundress, and only inspected by the Beau, and the valet emphatically declared that his master" never failed in the tie." Not content with the commoner sources at his last resting place, Caen, our author penetrales to the prison where he was confined for debt, and to the lunatic asylum where he died, and visits the congenial tailor who groaned in spirit over the coat out at elhows and the tattered trousers that disfigured the dandy's clouded setting. "J'arais honte," said the indignant artist to the inquiring biographor, "de coir un homme si celébré et distingué et qui s'élait crés une place dans l'histoire, dans un dat si malhenceux." He could not afford to give clothes, but he mended Brummell's only suit con amore while the Beau lay in bed.

It is said that in the cotton districts of England a person with a grandfather is a person of family. Brummell had a grandfather, but his original status is matter of dispute; some affirming that he was a porter to the Treasury, others that he was in Lord Bates's household, and others again that he was a confectioner. Capt. Jesse cannot settle the question, but he discovered that he was "In business in Bury street, St. James's," where Jenkinson, the first Lord Liverpool, took lodgings at his house, attracted by the perfect penmanship of Beau Brummell's father in "Lodgings to Let." This introduction led to protection and patronage-amanuensis, a clerkship in the Treasury, private secretary to Lord North, and thence to a good marriage and a good many sinecures; so that Lodgings to Let" eventually cut up to the tune of nearly £70,000. This he divided equally among his three children, and Brummell's share had increased on his reaching his majority to £10,000. We have seen he was at Eton; thence he went to Oxford; at 16 he was a cornet, and at 18 a captain; but the army was not his destiny, and he left at 20.

With the tunds, yielding five per cent,, he might probably have continued to keep his

dence been present." But, like the Prince and all of his set, he seems to have had no notion of the value of money; and though he spent little on other people, he expended a great deal on himself: a small but exquisite bachelor's house, a man cook, a stud, &c., could scarcely be kept up on £1,500 or £2,000 a year. Then he had taste in articles of virtu, especially porcelain; he had an unrivalled collection of snuffboxes; and he gambled without capital. His personal habits were very expensive—so much so that his reply to the lady who asked what her son could appear well for might not be so very extravagant: "Why, with strict economy, it might be done for £800 a year." His capital melted, his debts accumulated, and, after a reign of more than twenty years, the ruined Beau bolted for Calais on the 16th of

May. 1816. In this town of passage he lived until 1831 maintained in luxury by the large contributions of his fashionable friends, a fact which speaks much in favor of Brummell, for of no class of people is "out of sight out of mind" more truly to be predicated, especially when memory is to make an inroad on the pocket. In 1830 the Whigs appointed him to the Consuiship at Casa, with a salary of £400 a year; but as £320 was put aside for the payment of his Calais debts, without which arrangement he could not have departed, he gained a loss, as his friends thought he was provided for. Debts. of course, ran up at Caen, and when Lord Palmerston abolished the Consulship, the Beau was arrested and thrown into prison. A subscription among his surviving fashionable friends arranged his affairs, and from the same source an allowance of £120 was raised for him. The secret of this interest is not discoverable in Jesse's pages, but it is a fact that every one with whom he came in continual contact down even to the prisoners in jail, retained

friendly impressions of Beau Brummell. His close of life realized the most deplorable pictures of those satirists who have warned mankind against prayer for multitude of days. Poverty, disease, idiocy, and a paralysis of the bowels, Capt. Jesse pursues through their minute details with a result at once mournful and mirthful. After some time he was taken to the Bon Sauveur," a religious asylum for the insane. There he died on March 30, 1840, his last not exhibiting, whether consciously or accidentally. all his former sense of propriety. He turned his face to the wall, so as to be hidden from the attendants on the other side, and in that position he expired.

Though Brummell had the reputation of wit, he exhibited very little real wit. Like Theodore Hook, and perhaps most other reputed wits of society, his mind was of the buffo cast, redeemed from buffoonery only by reserve and causticity. What Johnson says of Tom Brown is not far from the truth respecting the class we speak of: "The whole animation and point of these compositions arises from a profusion of ludicrous and affected comparison." In other words, from exaggeration so great as to startle. Such was Brummell's reply to the beggar who solicited charity. "If only a half penny." "My good fellow, I have heard of the coin, but I never had one; there is a shilling for you." When asked during a bad summer if he had ever seen such a one, he replied: Yes, last winter," which is of the same character. Sometimes the mere impudence of the deed or word produces the same effect of surprise. Once at a party he asked an acquaint-ance with a great air of curiosity who that ngly man near the chimney place might be. surely. Brummell, you know him; that is the master of the house." "No." replied the unmoved cornet; "how should I? I was never He does not appear to have been good at retort; perhaps he had prudence enough to avoid the risk of having to make one. But the following approaches to repartee: A doctor's wife at Caen tried hard to get him to her house. Walking one afternoon with a friend, they passed through an archway under the lady's balcony, in which she was. Leaning over, she accosted the beau earnestly, requesting him to walk up and take tea. "Maiam," said he to the medico's wife in the calmest and most dignified manner, "you take physic, you take a walk gou take a liberty, but you drink tea,"

Disagreeable, personal, painful truths, such

as only unflinching impudence can utter, pro-

duce their effects by the same means of surprise.

The "fat friend" was of this kind. The story has not been, as a rule, correctly told, Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepoint, and Sir Harry Mildmay gave at the Hanover Square rooms a fête which was called the dandies' ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's; Harry Mildmay was young, and had never been introduced to the Prince; Pierrepoint knew him slightly, and Brummell was at daggers drawn with him. No invitation. therefore, was sent to the Prince; but the ball excited much interest and expectation, and, to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from the Prince, intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left but to send him an invitation, which was done in due form, and in the names of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was how they were to receive their guest which, after some discussion, was arranged thus: When the approach of the Prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepoint. as knowing the Prince, stood nearest the door with his wax light, and Mildmay, as being young and void of offence, opposite; Alvaniay, with Brummeli opposite, stood immediately behind the other two. When the Prince ar rived, he spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepoint and then turned and spoke a few words to Mildmay. Advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley, and then turned toward Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was or why he was there, and without bestowing on him the slightest symptom of recognition, passed on. It was then that, seizing with infinite readiness and fun the notion that they were unknown to each other. Brummell said across to his friend, and aloud for the purpose of being heard: " Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" Those who were in front and saw the Prince's face say that he was cut to the quick by the aptness of the satire. This version carries better internal evidence than any other, for it has neat, appropriate, and telling points, which Brummell ever regarded. The fact of the ball is well known. It was given by the four after a great run of luck. It is also known that the Prince intimated a wish to be present and cut Brummell when he got there. What an idea does it give of "the finest gentle. man in Europe." a ci-decant leune prince flahing for an invitation to a ball, and insulting one of his entertainers the moment he arrives. Brummell had the faculty, however, in common with great satirists, of intuitively seeing as in this case, the sore place; he also disregarded the forms of things in compari-son with the pith, though he affected to estimate them by a whimsical standard of his own. Neither this nor the incident of the snuff box reflects any credit on the Prince as a gentleman. In the tale of the snuff box Brum mell had, as is known, a collection chosen with singular sagacity and good taste, and the Prince, greatly admiring one of them, said; Brummell, this box must be mine. Grey's and order any one you like instead of t." Brummell begged it might be one with the Prince's miniature, and the Prince, pleased and flattered, at once gave assent. Accordingly the box was ordered, and Brummell took great pains with the pattern and form, as well as with the miniature and the diamonds around it. When some progress had been made, the Prince inspected it, and was charmed. All was well and near conclusion when the quarrel between the Prince and Brummell took place at Ciermont. It originated in the Prince preventing Brummed from joining a party on the pien of Mrs. Fitzherbert disliking him. Brummell, on inquiring a day or two afterward, found that the Prince had endered the box not to be delivered, but never returned the ope for which it was to be an equivalent.
When afterward pressed by poverty, he recalled the Prince's attention to this through Col.

Cooke, a friend, known in London as '

suppose the poor devil wants a hundred guiness, and he shall have them."

With him the race of "beaus" went out. In the days which followed there were great dressers, as D'Orsay and Lord Pembroke, the former the representative of the florid and the latter of the chaste school. In our day, when a more subdued and refined taste in dress prevails. Lord Pembroke would be considered the better dressed of the two. D'Orsav's taste was far too gaudy, but the brilliant tints with which he surrounded himself seemed to suit so well his style of beauty, dress, and manner that though all was dazzling and showy, even to a point which in any other might be deemed vulgar, there was a kind of harmony which precluded any idea of bad taste. Driving in his cab down the Row with Disraeli beside him, some forty years ago, he looked like some gorgeous dragon fly skimming through the air. All his imitators as a distinguished foreigner at the time re-marked, fell between the Sevila and Charybdis of tigerism and charlatanism; but he escaped those quicksands, though somewhat narrowly. But his great charm of manner, his infinite wit and gayety, and mastery of all accomplishments, saved him; as some of these qualities saved Disraell, Bulwer, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Wellesley, who were consummate dandles in their day, from the degradation of being classed as a "beau." Palmerston alone car-ried a sobriquet-"Cupid."

The climate of this country does not favor the growth of such exotics as Beau Brummell. Washington, the meanest of capitals, made a mean effort at one in a wretched lounger, styled Beau Hickman, but he was to Beau Brummell as a glass of barroom whiskey is to one of old Lafitte. We have not been, however, without men of the D'Orsay, Disraell, Bulwer school. Mr. W. H. Hurlbert and Mr. Samuel Ward may in our day be considered as brilliant specimens of that Sevres, in charm of manner, variety of accomplishment, and grace and richness of decoration. Indeed, if D'Orsay be an angel, as he deserves to be, and could look down one of these sunny mornings on Mr. Sam Ward at breakfast at Delmonico's in his own favorite 1840 colors of gray, and white vest, with a colored shirt of mixed embroidery and a scarf of dark satin, picked out with red, with a young flower in his buttonhole and an old classic in his hand, he would weep with very joy to see his own similitude.

The Right to Vote in the United States.

No more appropriate time than the present could have been selected for the publication of The Law of Suffrage and Elections, by M. D. NAAR, of the New Jersey bar. It is a handsomely printed legal treatise of 292 pages, upon the qualifications for suffrage in the several States of the Union and includes the provisions of each State Constitution on the subject, together with those of the Federal Constitution and statutes in regard to the election of President, Senators, and Representatives in Congress. The work ought to prove a valuable manual to the voters to whom it is dedicated by the author. It will afford them clear, and we believe correct instruction as to their rights under the funda-

mental laws as determined by the courts. The right to vote in the States proceeds in each instance from the State itself. It need not depend upon citizenship, although it usually does. The Constitution of the United States recognizes two kinds of citizenship, one Federal, the other State, by providing that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State where they reside." But that instrument does not confer upon either class the right of suffrage. The Supreme Court has expressly declared that the United States have no voters of their own in the States. The Constitution does, however, contain a prohibition, in the wellknown Fifteenth Amendment, against the denial or abridgment of the right to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. This prohibition the States are bound to regard, but they are at liberty to discriminate in other cases than those mentioned in the amendment, and may, for example, require different qualifications from foreigners and natives. Indeed, they may even confer the right of suffrage upon aliens, and thus, as the Supreme Court of Wisconsin has well pointed out, enable persons who are not citizens of the United States to take part in Federal elections; for, under the Constitution. Representatives in Congress are to be chosen by the electors in each State who have the qualifi-cations requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature

These propositions are amplified and illustrated by reference to numerous adjudicated cases in the first chapter of Mr. Nasr's book tutional provisions regulating suffrage in the several States, which could only be improved in a second edition by giving the date when each Constitution was adopted from which quotation is made. It is worthy of remark that the fundamental law in as many as six Northern States still in terms assumes to limit the right to vote to white persons. These States are Indiana, Connecticut, Ohio, Oregon, Kansas, and California. Of course this restriction was long since abrogated by the amendments to the Federal Constitution

The fact that residence for a specified period is in every State made a prerequisite to the exerciss of suffrage, leads to inquiry into the meaning of the term residence when thus used. The author says that the suffrage residence spoken of in the State Constitutions is legal res idence, which means the same as domicile; and although some of the cases which he cites further on seem scarcely to sustain this view, we think he correctly states the prevailing doctrine. It must be remembered, however, that there is a difference between a suffrage restdence and a domicile in respect to the time in which they may be acquired. To establish a domicile no particular length of time is prescribed as necessary, and perhaps it may be acquired in a single day by simply going to a particular place with the intention of permane remaining there; but to constitute suffrage residence it seems indispensable that the domielle within the particular election listrict should have existed for a definite period, which varies in the different States. To illustrate the nanner in which this time should be computed a California case is cited in which the court was called upon to construe a provision requiring that the voter should have resided in the county thirty days next preceding the election. Objecttion was made to the vote of a person who be came a resident of the county on the 22d of September and cast the vote in question at an election held on the 21st of October. The objection was sustained on the ground that the specified term of residence must be fully completed without counting the day on which the ection is held.

There are chapters on the conduct of elections, incligible candidates, the registration laws, the payment of taxes as a prerequisite to suffrage, naturalization, the liability of election officers, bribery and corruption, election contests, and official commissions. We have noted a curious or interesting point in almost every one. Thus, in treating of the conduct of elections, mention is made of a close election in Illinois, where the voters in a certain district were about equally divided in opinion as to the question at issue, and therefore entered into an agreement to refrain from voting. Ten of the parties to this agreement did, in fact, vote, owever, and legal proceedings were instituted to prevent their votes from being counted but the court held that the alleged contract relied upon was unlawful and could not be regarded. A case in Maine is cited in the chapter on ineligible candidates where it appeared the people voted for a person named Abel C. Winsow when no such person was in existence. ernor and Council having no power to take proof that he was the real conductable that he was the re proof that he was the real candidate, the court dured the office vacant. The registration laws have given rise to much controversy, particularly in those States whose Constitutions power of gravity were all do not expressly provide for the enactment of quired to make suppliers and such statutes; but the Constitution of Texas | to the earth, evidently had a not a absolutely prohibits them in that State. In his power. But in the need tour that the seeler egs. who are but human, have made mistakes. | sub-editors, and special correspondents, there | somest of the beaus, who was constantly spoken | head above water for his lifetime had "pru- | Kang: As for the box, it is all nonsense; but I office, Mr. Kaar cites cases in Wisconsin, Iows, I ion of the sun will prove mutually destructives.

and Missouri, laying down the eminently sound doctrine that the title of a successful candidate to office is invalidated where he has secured a majority of the votes by offering to serve the public for less than the compensation provided

by law. The valuable character of this book is apparent from what we have already said. As it is not intended to be an exhaustive treatise, there is no occasion to criticise what might properly be regarded as omissions in a work of greater magnitude, designed exclusively for professional readers. To voters generally the solume will furnish much important information not so readily accessible or well presented elsewhere, and it deserves to be widely rend. especially at a time like this, when so many persons in the community are directly interested in the administration of the laws relating

A Sportsman's Experience.

to elections.

We have not an accurate knowledge of the game laws, but it is our impression that the season is approaching, if it is not actually upon us, when certain of the community feel themselves impelled to forsake the abode of men and other tame animals for the haunts of those by nature wild. We are glad to call the alten-tion of persons afflicted in this way to the record of the experience of an old sportsman, Mr. D. W. Cross, which is embodied in a book called Fifty Years with the Gun and Rod (Short & Forman, Cleveland).

From the title of this book we naturally look for a narrative of the experiences of a lifetime in hunting and fishing, but this we do not find, It is rather a sportsman's manual than a book of adventure; and excepting one fish story, it has little in it which makes any pretence to the qualities of literature. In the preface the author says that he " has endeavored to make the art of hunting and angling appear worthy of the true sportsman;" but we do not think his remarks will have much effect upon any one who is not already inclined that way, although he rashly asserts that the great and good have universally patronized and fostered the sports of the field and stream. As exemplary hunters he cites Nimrod, David Crockett, and Daniel Boone; but he makes no mention of others. such as Esau, for instance, who, though skilful in the pursuit of game, are not generally considered to have made a perfect success of life.

He says, too, that "boys love to listen to their father as they recount by the fireside their sharp adventures and hair-breadth escapes." He omits to state what the boys hear during their narrations, but we know. It could be nothing else than the old gentleman's snores.

"A fool and a knave could never become a professional angler," remarks Mr. Cross. We suppose a knave might, if he were not a fool, and that a fool might, if he were honest. But that the combination cannot prove successful as a fisherman, we believe to be true. The combination is a rare one, and ought not to be wasted in constructing an angler, while there are mining enterprises to be conducted, and patent medicines to be invented and consumed. In the preface we find that "the writer acknowledges his indebted ress to the late Leonard Case, whose modesty and merit were the rivals of his life." We are not surprised that this gentleman died. Modesty and merit have been rivals to life in all times, and they have generally won early in the game. "Whom the gods love die young," remarks the poet. It

requires much self-assertion to prolong life, Mr. Leonard Case lived long enough, however, to compile a series of tables on the velocity, effect, and force of shot, which are published in this book, and which we presume are correct, though we have not leisure to verify them. But not even when the hunter has got out his logarithms and figured up the velocity of his shot is he out of the woods; for, says the writer, 'the flight of birds is an important element to be considered by the sportsman in connection with the projection of shot in judging the point of aim to insure a hit. This has never been correctly ascertained." This is true, and here our experience comes into use. We have brooded much over this matter. When we bunt we go through the usual preliminaries with careless glee up to the time of firing off our gun. But the flight of the birds, which inva riably follows the discharge of the piece, fills us with reflections, some of them not the most plous. We fear that nothing short of a wingpedometer on each bird will ever correctly measure the rate of its speed. . This the hunter could examine through a telescope, and then, with the help of Mr. Case's tables and a logarithm book, he could attain great accuracy

There is much practical information in this powder, shot, trout flies, and duck shooting. and a confirmed sportsman may find in it much that will be of use and interest to him.

JUPITER IN PERIHELION.

Jupiter reached its perihelion, or nearest point to the sun, yesterday. This is an astronomical event of considerable importance, as occurs only once in about twelve years. As the planet is some millions of miles nearer the earth than usual, an excellent opportunity is given for the study of its features. Even the smallest telescopes will now show some of the wonders of this great planet and its system of satellites, and with large telescopes astronomers hope, within a month or two, to add much to our knowledge of the chief member of the sun's family. Jupiter will remain the leading brilliant in the sky throughout October, shining so brightly that even Sirius must temporarily yield the palm.

There is another reason for the interest that Jupiter's arrival at perihelion excites. More than a year ago some professed scientific per-son on the Pacific slope wrote a pamphiston the terrors of the perihelin of the four great planets Juniter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, which, it was represented, would occur nearly simultaneously, and with those planets in conjunction fearful results to the earth were predicted. The false alarm was spread by other pretended savants, and, no doubt, awoke the fears, not merely of the ignorant, but of persons who know enough of astronomy to be aware of the gigantic attractions that the planets exert upon one another. Stories of plagues, pestilence, famine, and death were based upon the supposed influence of the perihelia. Mr. Proctor and other astronomers sought to counternet the effect of this by showing, in the first piace, that it was not true that the planets named would all be in perihelion together. In fact, satura does not reach its perihelion until 1885. Uranus will be in perihellon pext spring, but Neptune will not reach its nearest point to the sun until six or seven years hence. It was also denied by scientific men of high authority that there was any reason to fear evil resuits to the earth, even though the predicted perihelia should occur very nest together, Still, afarm was felt, and no doubt many persons will be pleased to know that Jupiter, the most powerful of all the planets. has reached the freaded perihelion point, and is niready turning to retrace his sters, with having in any way injured his eister planet, the

That the aun has felt the approach of the great planet, as shown in the prevalence of vast our spots and outbursts of gaseous matter, is not improbable, and through the reflex action of the sun upon the eacth our planet may, even now, feel the same inflitence in violent atn. . pheric phenomena. It is difficult to realize to enormous power of the branch speek, January shining so quietly in the six. A potent will of has shown that the power which the son loss to put forth to hold Japaner in his orbit, is made to the combined strength of 170 annual bars of mithicity, is print to the strength of them one foot in dimmeter, 20, if the mere